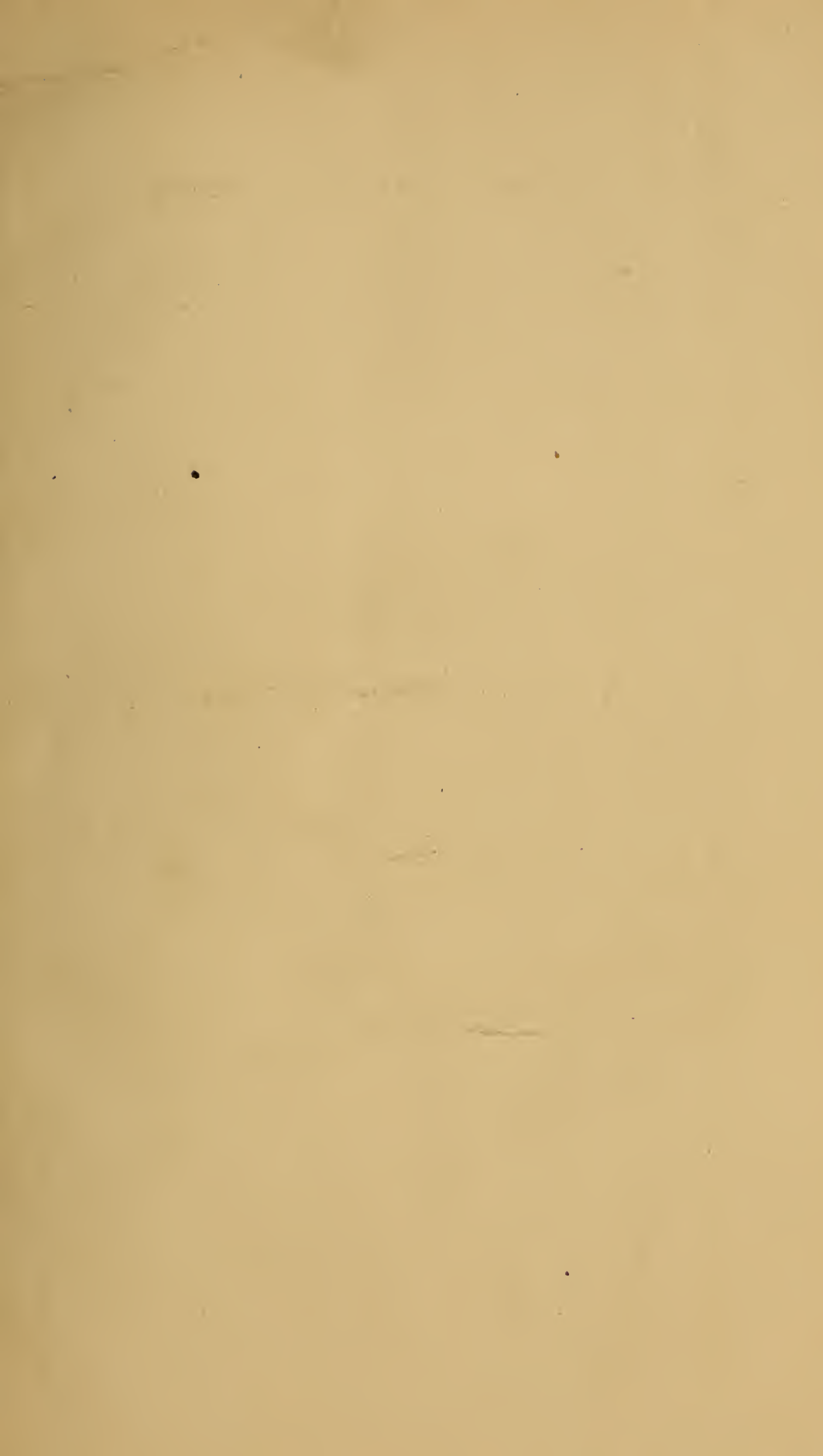


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Allen A. Brown  
Nov 24 1859 -

# A FULL REPORT

OF THE

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*Speeches delivered at St. Molly's,*  
NEWINGTON, X

On Building Two New Synagogues, and raising New  
Taxes to Comfort the Parishioners in *Perpetuo*

Taken in Short Hand by the Celebrated  
**SCRIBO SCRATCHUM, ESQ.**  
F. R. S. L. L. D. AND A. S. S.

*"There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest  
of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private."*

SWIFT.

PREVIOUS to this meeting the secret committee were seen whispering, nodding, and conversing, in holes and corners; and after sounding, trying, and canvassing, those, whom they conceived of infirm or avaricious minds, there was nothing in the shape of promise lure, or corruption that was not resorted to; the tradesmen in the different branches of building, were consulted as to opinions, estimates, and architecture; repeated promises of slicing the jobs into a variety of parts, blended with hopes, insinuations and threats, were employed, by the Rhabbee and the secret committee, who were so very industrious, in making proselytes that after twelve months indifigable industry, they got thirty six names out of twenty thousand (such as they were) to petition the unnessary House for more Synagogues; they then waited on the private bill dealers, told them of the formidable opposition they had to encounter, the prospect they had of being kicked out of all offices at the approaching election, and stated their cases, so

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as to assure their Honors, Sir Jim Lattitat Bullmug, and Foreign Sommo Nobody, that they had nothing to depend upon but their Honors impudence, chicanery, and foul play in certain rooms in the unnecessary house, and if their Honors, did not bring them through the filthy job, as they did a neighbouring parish, (where their names are now execrated) all the fat would get into the fire, and the Rhabbee not have above two thousand a year to live upon; that it is well known, their Honors follow the trade of jobbing in the unnecessary house, and they would undertake nasty jobs with as much grace as a goldfinder, commonly called a nightman. Sir Jem, thanked the gentleman for the honorable mention of his name; his words were as near as possible.—“Gentlemen, as to mysen some folk say I be main useful, in these odd tricks, and so, odd zuckers so I be, and tho’ I say it, mysen; theres no mortal man would hire himself to a dirty cause, sooner than your most obsequises,

Jem Lattitat Bullmug.”

The Rhabbee bowed low, not even Sir Pertinex Mac Sycophant, could bow lower and giving a supercilious nod of expectation to the other, an active star of the unnecessary house Foreign Sommo Nobody, he blubbered out, as if his mouth was filled with his own small beer.—“Damn these parochical intruders upon my functions not one of them has come forward to promise me support at the next general humbug, or I should not have engaged in this business, and I conclude, in future, they are all, aye, to a man, against me.”—Damn the caterpillars, I’ll let them see, that I can rule the roast in the unnecessary house; what, the set of shabby mechanics, bow dare they attempt to set up their will against this holy order, Sir reverence to its head, and to your great swells of the Parish! Did not the ruffians know that I was head of the gang in that there place, a’nt I the head of the starvation committee; and I the supporter of the b—dy Yeomantry; have I not supported five dirty jobs in five weeks, and every dirty job that came in

my way since I got a foot in the unnecessary house? and damn the white negroes of St. Molly, how dare they bounce, when they knew I was in the neighbourhood. Oh! b—t them I'll bundle them into Lob's pond at the back of the Causeway; or send them into the care of the *coalheaver* at the new warehouse, above Kensington Common: (at this juncture the Coalheaver dropped upon his marrowbones and kissed the feet of Foreign Sommo Nobody.) Now your holy reverence as to these fellows, these white negroes, let them meet, let them grumble, let them petition, and be d—nd; they may as well petition the Great Mogul as the unnecessary house, and they shall see, that before Midsummer, (all the squad with the Rhabbee, called out with one voice, "here are our *household deities*, let us worship them.") During the ejaculation, Sir Jem, and Foreign Sommo returned to the unnecessary house, while the others set off to canvas, previous to the annual meeting which took place in the usual form, and on the usual day; we cannot therefore gratify our readers more satisfactorily than by giving the debate at the meeting for the building of Synagogues, with the conduct of the Rhabbee, and his precious supporters!!!

"There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion—but that they should converse together every day."—SWIFT.

Some time ago a requisition of the most respectable inhabitants of St. Molly, most numerous signed and supported, requested the officers to call a general meeting of all tax-payers, in order to discuss the propriety of withholding their support, or approving the building of additional Synagogues in the parish. The officers appointed a certain day, when the Rhabbee, and his few followers attended, better known as the awkward squad, who hitherto supported the nefarious measures of taxation, speculation, and extortion in the parish.

Some time before the hour, simultaneous move-

ments took place in all directions to the Synagogue, and by the appointed time, it was as well filled, as on the Sabbath, when females become the majority of the congregation.

Without apology, invitation, or otherwise, the Rhabbee took the chair, supported on his front by Iago Wheelright; on his right by Glutton Swallow Fee, and Moses Judea; on his left by Pigeon Coal-heaver, and Brandy Bombrusher, with half a dozen others equally respectable.

He began the business, by noticing the requisition, the large portion of names attached thereto—the necessity of banishing the ill blood already caused by the measure next his heart, that of building two Synagogues, which the wisdom of the greatest nobles in the country, thought proper to confirm by a law, and the futile defence set up against the divine ordinance, by a set of jacobin adventurers, left him nothing further to say, than it was his wish to have the general support of the parishioners to the measure: but if they were so obstinate as to make a plea of poverty, he would let them see he could carry it through the unnecessary house without their support.

As he told them before, he would tell them now, and would prove to the committee, that they were a noisy, turbulent set of disaffected renegades, or they would never dare to oppose the will of a nobleman, once removed, almost an Honorable, which he was, and that he had the support of a powerful host in the unnecessary house, he need go no farther, than bid them quake at the awful name of Sir Jim Lattitat Bullmug, and foreign Sommo Nobody, two of the first swells in the universe at pulling a set of dirty scoundrels through a dirty cess-pool. These are the fellows who would make the disloyal radicals of St. Molly quake; aye—and pay for quaking; they might complain of taxes and oppressions, clerical and otherwise—what did he care for such nonsense, he would make them pay, or send them to the River Stix: what, dare such a set of Plebians growl—what, object to a six-penny rate for



ten years?—He'd make the rascals thank him for condescending to ask a 4s. rate for forty years:—what did he care about them, he touched the fees, and that is all he wanted—they might all go to Roland, Johanna, Ebeneza Floor Cloth, or to Old Nick if they pleased. Did they suppose that clamour, argument, or number had any effect upon him, if they did, they were mistaken. Should he be even defeated in the unnecessary house, the big wigs next door, would settle matters to his (the Rhabbees) satisfaction. They did not know his power in the other shop, or they'd at once stick to him, and the wisdom of those dear friends now in his eye, who should keep the upper hand in the Parish, as long as he was worth a shilling or a shirt—They might turn out Glutton Swallow Fee, deprive the rest of his worthy friends of parochial office—he'd still make Iago Wheelright shove intertopers out of the parish pew—put glutton into pickings at the Synagogues—make Coalheaver, a turnkey or sexton, (at this juncture Glutton Swallow Fee, was observed to wipe the falling tear from his eye) he (the Rhabbee) bid glutton not to fret, that he'd build one of the Synagogues upon his pasture, and that he should get the making of all the ram-skins; glutton ejaculated, “most glorious man—hail to thee great Rhabbee!” The Rhabbee continued:—“as to you, my beloved Iago, you shall be overseer of the pavements—I don't mean with a wooden collar about your neck,—you shall make all the avenues to the Synagogues, and be clerk to the commissioners; that is, if you can write common English: if not, you shall have a deputy at £20 a year out of the parish poor rates!—I'll provide something for you all, and Bandy Bombrusher, shall attend the Court of Conscience six times a week, if he pleases, and display a consummate stock of ignorance and impudence, to the great annoyance of the other members and perversion of right:—aye, and he shall get a birth among us, if he keeps away from Doctor Cantwell. I'll let the parish see—aye, and feel me too: not a coffin, either lead or iron, shall come into

my new cementaries, under the round sum of a hundred; no, no, if they don't choose to pay that, let them settle accounts with *Marshall Trench*, the body teacher. As to you, Broadface Pigman, since you ratted to my banners, I am told the Radicals have declared war against your congo and treacle, and turn up their snouts as they pass your shop, and have actually determined to rat you out of the parish; never fear, I'll put you into office, you shall be head sweeper and pew-opener at a good salary out of the poor-rates—so now let it be understood, that every thing in future, must be as I direct, or remember, I'll get the two jobbers, Sir Jim Lattitat Bullmug, and Foreign Somno Nobody to bring in a bill that will enable him to place any unruly scoundrel among you, to stand three days in a lilly white sheet and a large padlock on his mug, in the front of the congregation; so now you know my determination, and you have nothing to do, but to act accordingly."

After a general burst of indignation, Carlo Martinus arose, and complained of the ungentlemauly and oppressive conduct of the Rhabbee, and his attempts to ride roughshod over the parish. He asked, was this a time to agitate such a question to involve the parishioners in such enormous undertakings.

When petitions to starve the people, are received and supported, when penal laws are made to annihilate the liberties of Englishmen, when the rapid decline of all our commercial relations are openly avowed and acknowledged, by the first authorities in the land.—When the most industrious artizan in the working-districts is not able to feed his family;—when the poor-rates are at least six-times more than at the commencement of the late reign;—when the parish-palaces are crowded with paupers; and general misery hovers round our devoted country;—such a time, of all others, is selected for the erection ofagogues and public jobs, for the promotion of fanaticism and clerical ascendancy. This, at a moment when a few worthless *toad-eating time serving*

*expectants, and hangers on* that support this motion, come forth like so many devouring locusts, to plunder you, my fellow parishioners of your hard earnings, and reduce you to that state of poverty and debility, which has already consigned many of your industrious neighbours to parochial degradation:—at such a time, allow me to conjure you, of all things to look at the increase on the *Rhabbee's revenue* since he first came amongst you—look to the additional fees on christnings, burials, tythes, and modus for tythes, &c. &c. you will then naturally say, we suppose so enormous an encrease in this rental, should have stopped his ambitious and avaricious views; and made it a duty in him to cultivate the good will of the parishioners, instead of intriguing with a low, ignorant set of sycophants without talent, weight, or character; a set who can be led knee deep into any dirty job, where they may hope to enlarge their power or their profit; instead of consulting with his parishioners generally, he despises their remonstrances, and with thirty six of this junto he figures away; among whom, are presbyterians, anabaptists, unitarians, and even a jew;—those, are made to petition for new Synagogues! Poor religious souls, how cruel to disappoint their holy zeal; the present order of things will not admit of situations for them, “they must therefore raise a giant for the pleasure of killing him.” At the morning service, I never found the least difficulty in obtaining a seat for a friend, either to consign him to the arms of Morpheus, or to take a view of the congregation after he awoke:—besides there are but two services on Sunday, which I suppose, must be owing to the thinness of the congregation at the second service; for if there was an overflow on those occasions, his reverence cannot deny, he is exorbitantly remunerated for a third:—still, Lord bless the mark, he must have two more new synagogues, in a parish whose greatest extent is not more than a mile in diameter! Still in defiance of timely remonstrances, he electioneering chicanery, selected a hero vi

consent of the parishoners in vestry, to smuggle a bill into the house, and against the determined veto of 2,800 of the most respectable householders in the parish, who repeatedly condemned the injustice of such an arbitrary measure, as that of entailing an enormous system of taxation, on the already overloaded inhabitants.

These statements were feelingly enforced, and the indecency of such a measure, at such a time proclaimed aloud by the members for the Borough, and one for the county; still the hangers on, the placemen and pensioned tribes would not infringe upon the inquisitorial measure, because truly, the clergy whose immaculate moderation has been so pointedly exemplified in the business, and throughout the country. The heroes of the Christchurch Burial-Ground Bill.—The liberal gratuitists of the late speaker;—the active manufacturers and promoters of private bills, have no objection to bear you down with taxes and poverty, to make you pay through the nose for Christian consolation, to drag your few remaining pounds out of your pockets, although 'tis whispered about their liberal generosity dont extend to the hospitable distribution of their own small beer, but they are hacks to fetch and carry at the ministers will, they are kept in their places by the ministers creatures, and if they go into dirty jobs, through so dirty a channel the nasal powers of the parishoners should be actively employed to smell out the filthy courses of one, and meet him in future with as snuffy an air as if he swallowed a cannister of *black guard*:—among the statements made in support of the churches, and in violation of the act, which declares the measure must be supported by the major part of the parishoners, the newspapers make the hero to assert that two thousand eight hundred independent parishoners carried their majority, against thirty six by noise and clamour, and that they were principally composed of dissenters, although it is notorious that the most active opposers of the nefarious measure, are churchman, eye

*gentleman and regular attendants at church too*; still such ignominious falsehoods will find their way into a certain house, even by the common carrier; shame and eternal disgrace on all public oppressors, whether clergy or laity.—Moralists term, the greatest crime, “oppression of the poor,” (the Rhabbee groaned). I regret to say, the most injurious measure ever adopted in a judicial point of view, is admitting clergymen into the commission. In Spain, the established clergy have been the worst despots and most sanguinary tyrants:—In France, their enormities sowed the first seeds of the revolution; and, in all probability, will effect another in England: their neglect of promoting brotherly love among mankind generally, and planting the solid foundation of universal benevolence; have exhibited in them, the most slavish obedience to those in power; and when vested with command by their masters, they use it with partiality and political tyranny; they have so slurred over their clerical duties as to create a set of fanatical bedlamites, who are heard to rave, even in the streets and highways, and you see the churches deserted, to hearken to the unchristian doctrines and anathemas of roaring tinkers, bellowing cobblers, canting hypocrites, and unnatural monsters:—yet, after all this neglect of duty, their palpable acts of parochial oppression, their harassing lawsuits, and other sinister pursuits:—they cry out for new Synagogues! new Synagogues truly; new taxes, new oppressions, new encroachments upon civil rights and power, and every novelty but Christian forbearance and philanthropy.

Look, my fellow Parishioners to the Elections throughout the country, to the wanton power of the boroughmongers;—to the clergy, their main support, their sheet anchors;—look to those who make place and promotion, &c. their deities;—look to your own treatment, they cheerfully trample upon the necks of their neighbours, and wade through terror, in order to propogate the deluded system of their worthless employers. In one house, look to the gowmsmen,

who are ever the sycophants of power, with a few, very few, great and honorable exceptions; and look to the general conduct of the cloth;—look to the *liturgy*;—look to the green bag, and you will allow, I am borne out in my assertions, on their servility and tergiversation in every political point of view.

Many of these holy representatives of the apostles even run, after the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, have become captains, unsheathed the sword and forgetting themselves ministers of God, have obtained even titles, as a reward for their political vanity and clerical apostacy. Was the apostles of Christ, titled, or poor fisherman and labourers? that is the question, holy writ, says:—the latter, I hope, his reverence (the Rhabbee) dare not deny it. If therefore, my fellow parishioners, there is one amongst you so basely stupid as to think you can supersede this oppressive act, this inquisitory plunder of your means and comforts, you are mistaken; it is a part of the system, like the paper money it will go on hand in hand, with other abuses, until time—that dreadful scourge to divine right, will so cut up and oppose it, that like a tall castle, upon a bad foundation, it will undermine itself and tumble down on its short sighted and ill minded projectors. Then why not in time let your committee examine the already profits of this Rhabbee, why not publish every item to the parish at large? Why not open the eyes of those who cannot, or those who will not see into their own oppressions, and finish a work, so successfully begun? Why not give your neighbours a true character of the miserable and degraded ignoramusses in your parish, that support the vile systems? let them be held up to public scorn. Your opponents stick close together; they shew you the example, which in respect to an union, only you, should scrupulously follow; although your voice, like millions of Englishmen on other questions, be lost in the vortex of public corruption, still it is your duty to God and your neighbours, it is a duty to your children and to yourselves, to persevere in the

praiseworthy undertaking, until the community become sensible of their greatest oppressors, and punish them by a well judged retaliation.

Although an advocate for peace, I am still for war, eternal war with oppression, a deadly war against corruption, and I consider any man who may remain in apathy, a heedless spectator in such a cause, is neither more or less than an enemy, a treasonable enemy to, his country, its constitution and laws, as well as the cause of humanity. (*incessant applause for some minutes.*)

Iago Wheelright arose with much warmth, and asked, was there no loyal man in the Synagogue, to assist him in turning Martinius out, as he had not heard such a leveling speech, since he himself had been understraper to the old jacobins. He deprecated such language as tending to overturn the church and state, to increase deism and methodism which was worse, to invite the pope and pretender, and create open rebellion against his holiners (the Rhabbee), who did not care a bunch of matches for their speeches or their majorities. These were the radicals that persecuted, prosecuted, and bilked his dear friend Oaky Peculate, this accursed crew; aye, the crew that now threatened him, because, he was two thousand short at his last settlement, and promised to stick to him like a *Leach*, until he would disgorge every farthing of it; but he disregarded them, as long as the Rhabbee and his noble succours were supported by such a kiud, generous, hospitable champion as Foreign Somno Nobody, these were props against the white negroes of St. Molly, as his holy reverence justly termed them, they might grin at him as fast as they pleased, they might turn him out of all offices in their power, but his holy reverence. and his precious connection, would make him a great man, aye, and make the white negroes pay for it after:—what signified their meetings and their 2,800 signatures, and their petitions; they were thought no more of in the unnecessary house, than so much waste paper, he now held,

but eleven offices, but his holy reverence, would make it three times the number, before the Synagogues were finished, then let them shew their teeth as fast as they please, none of them dare bite; they might boast of their races of St. Molly; but he'd tell them to their muzzle Old Badger and he, would take better care, than that discounting noodle Oaky Peculate; as to the publicans, who made themselves busy in the business, he'd grind them, and let them take care of their licences, or he'd tell them what o'clock it was, except an order for coals stood in the way; but mum, on that point. The white negroes might call him a dandy, an impertinent ignorant puppy, what did he care? they might enjoy the shadow, he, embraced the substance; aye, and he would add to that substance, and make the stupids of St. Molly pay for it, he had the swells at his back, and he did not care a damn for the white negroes. (*tremendous hissing, and loud cries of down with the informer and dandy.*)

Iago continued:—hiss away, I'll be a spoke in the wheel, while you are but the fellies to bear the weight—I'll be like a hoop of Iron to you, and nail you fast to the axle of his holy reverence; long may he live and reign; I'll stick to him, tooth and nail, that is, as long as he supports me in all my offices and some new ones. 'Tis I, that keep his friends together, Raw-bone, English and Squinty Hammon, would have ratted long since, did I not threaten to keep them out of parish feasts, and his holy reverences petit suppers, if they budged and retained them under a promise that they would not in future disgrace themselves by overcharging their stomachs, and lodging the contents in his holy reverences new coat pocket. For the performance of their duties in decency, and to keep them out of the convents of St. George's, I took my Daddy Badgerpole and Moses Judea Security, therefore let me not hear a loud word, I am the head of the Synagogue, 'tis useless in the white negroes to put on a false courage in the midst of their fears, 'tis like children in the dark, they may sing for fear of my future correction.



Lawry Richison arose, and appeared to remind Iago of the prosecution instituted against him, and other gentlemen, for barely contending for their unalienable rights, for those rights only that can save the parish and the country from bankruptcy, from a state that the past and present order of things has rendered destructive to the interests of the united kingdom.— He referred the Chairman to the state of commerce in Ireland, which was but a prelude to what may be expected here; he remembered, when those mischiefs were sore told by the friends of the people, it was considered as an overt act of treason—then, national and parochial delusion was the order of the day, when short-sighted reptiles bellowed from the Upper House to the pot house on our national prosperity, when the reign of rags trebled the price of the necessaries of life, and the honest man that saw his country's ruin in the perspective, and wished to prevent it, became a mark for ministerial and magisterial vengeance, when war eternal was the cry even of the clergy, and the lovers of peace stigmatized and abused. He was as staunch a Member of the Reformed Church as the Rhabbee himself, and he would contend a better, because his friendship was from principle only, while interest if appeared was the touchstone with others. Was the present oppressive measure dictated by a love of the pure principles of the Christian doctrine he should be mute; but profit and Plutus, instead of plain unsophisticated honesty, which in a Turk or Jew he considered more valuable than the affected dogmas of any sect, whether Christian or otherwise.— He every day saw the Christian system perverted by Anti-Christian principles of action, and its teachers promulgate an exclusive, nay, a presumptive right. Those he should lash as disturbers of the human race, and he hoped every liberal hand and pen would assist in their prompt and well-merited castigation.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men, when taken at the ebb, leads to fortune.”—So said our immortal bard, that Englishman who knew human nature bet-

ter than all the theologians of his day or since. That tide, my neighbours, is making for you; proofs upon proofs shew themselves, and the cause of virtue must ultimately triumph; it is by individual spirit, by the noble energies of Englishmen, the country is to be saved. Neither power or party can extricate it from its present difficulties: if ways and means to support an exorbitant system is not to be had, and that quackery and temporary nostrums are to be substituted for sound stimulants, you must be well aware that such a course will lead to a slow though certain dissolution; if we compare great things with small convincing proofs, must soon follow, and the legerdemain appear visible to the naked eye. Instead of lessening the incumbrances of the people, the ministers and their minions think the heavier John Bull is loaded the quicker he can move. How fallacious, John is sick at heart; his foreign friends hate him; his domestic ones, so called, are those who live upon the poor, and assist to ruin his resources; his system of taxation is narrow and illiberal, and the advisers of the present day act as if they considered their places in jeopardy, and the Augean stable to be cleansed by their successors. If it was otherwise, would the practice of *funding* and *loans* be resorted to *in a time of peace*, and a demolition of *Pitt's favourite hobby*, the sinking fund, instead of a liberal tax upon real property. For who should pay but those who hold the property of the country; or is it to be expected that poor tradesmen, already over taxed, can support things as they are, with an addition of new Synagogues, when the whole system is annually *minus fourteen millions* in payment of the interest only on the national debt?

No no, say the ministers, "if we press a property tax our venal majorities, will fall off, and we'll be kick'd out of place:" therefore sooner than loose our places we'll beggar the country; we'll thank the Manchester parsons, and instead of feeding the poor, build new Synagogues. Under such oppressive cir-

cumstances, what have you, my fellow parishioners, to expect? What have you to hope for? An additional load of debt, of taxes, and oppressions — (*Loud and continued cheering, and cries of all true, Richison; go it my boy.*)

Glutton Swallow Fee arose, frothing out of the mouth, and bawled murder, arson, bloodshed, and battery; d—n his eyes but he'd set off with lingo, and play up old Tommy in the Home Department; what was the world come to—*why, there never were such times!* Oh! that bloody-minded villain, *Scribo Scratchum*, has contaminated the whole parish, man, woman, and child, and made them all old jacobins. To hear a lawyer make such a tirade of treason! By the wig of old Jeffries he ought to be struck off the rolls, and banished the country. It makes my flesh creep to think of it; to abuse us to our teeth, well knowing we have friends in the unnecessary House that would shuffle a bill through the rooms for removing Waterloo Bridge to the Bricklayer's Arms; and with such powers, and with such valiant *Nights* and would-be *Nights*, he dare attempt to use seditious blasphemy. May I never make 6s. 8d. but I'll draw up a memorial to have him sent off cock-tail to Saint Helena to learn mathematics, and become a student under the President Bony. Perhaps he wants to make us come up to his price, and snack some of the Synagogue fees. I'd see him d—d first. Oh, no; the whole would be little enough for myself; that's what the radical ruffian is looking after — (*Order, order; chair, chair; decency, Glutton, from many voices.*)—What do you call order; b—t me but I am in good order, and the whole squad of you deserves to be rode over by the 3d guards, and be ejected out of the Synagogue for your cursed impudence; and I'll still be clerk of the parish, though you kick'd me out, and be d—d to you. You set of infidels, atheists, and Turks, why you're worse than a set of papists or quakers; you're fit only for Bramins in the West Indies, or Patagonians at the Cape of Good Hope. I

wish the whole squad of you was there, as a lunch for the snubby-nosed *Caffrys*, that run down from the Turkey mountains to devour the European savages from Madagascar. Then how dare you grumble; I'll bet 100 we'll carry every thing our own way, and who dare say done.—(*No wagers in the Synagogue; fie, fie, Glutton Swallow Fee.*)—Aye, I see how it is; you're a parcel of dissenting ragamuffins, porticularly your *Scotty Meatland*. But, by the whiskers of Moses Judia, I'll cool your courage in the Hingia House; I'll inform your masters what radicals you are, and the step you attempt to support.—(*Down with all informers, from many voices; down Glutton.*) I'll not sit down, I'll be d—d if I do, and I'll kick Meatland as sure as ever he fed upon croudy.—(Meatland whispered Corn O'Cannon who called Glutton out, but he suspecting the business, cried out.)—Me go out, not a step; and you, Mr. Hrishman, if you dare give me a challenge, I'll have an action against you, and that chap who sent you, as well as every man Jack of you, who may be aiding and abetting you in a breach of the peace, in the presence of his Holy Reverence the Rhabbee. Me fight—no, no; tho' I have been a loyal soldier, I never could bear the smell of gunpowder; it always changed my complexion.

I therefore tell the whole of you radicals, you shall be all drawn in the *malicia*, and I'll mult you round; therefore, down on your knees and worship the chair as my hope and your fears. (*Glutton sat down amidst hisses and groans, and a outrageous tumult.*)

Mr. Meatland arose, and felt surprised at the chairman's inactivity in supporting the order and decency of the roof that covered them. The blasphemous harrangue of Glutton Swallow Fee, was not to be born with in any society out of doors. But how criminal must it be in a house of devotion, indeed his filthy tyrade, was scarcely worth answering:—however, he could not let the present opportunity slip, without protesting against the unmeritted censure so lavishly set forth against dissenters, who not only have their part

in parochial taxation, but supported the incumbrances attached to their own places of worship:—it therefore ill-became the Rhabbee, or his satellites, to indulge in such unmerited abuse, and if the dissenters, increased, it arose out of the p̄rtmacity of the cloth, in neglecting those precepts and attentions, those reciprocal acts of charity, kindness and courtesy, due from a Rhabbee to his flock; for his part, he never interfered with any man's mode of worship, the moral principal of all was right; and as to forms, he should leave them to those who were best paid for them; still he should ever despise those, who could wantonly oppress the poor, or those, who would attempt to raise themselves, by the downfall of their neighbours. The parish has already been plundered—fresh stories are rung in our ears, and from the present enormous measure, what is to be expected? I should wish the independent parishioners, to rally round each other, and if they fall, let that fall be like Sampson's, to pull down the oppressive Philistines under them. (*Loud cheering, bravo, bravo.*)

Brandy Bombrusher, arose, coughed, blew his nose, and pulled up his breeches:—Most noble chairman, my hair stands on an end, like Russian bristles, and my beetle-trap is nearly lock jawed. I swear by the Court of Requests, of whom, I am a clever clear-headed (stupid, said somebody in the crowd) who dare interrpt me? (*cries of, go on brandy*) I swear again, (Cocky Royal got upon the sexton's shoulder, and called out, *swear not at all Brandy*; a loud shout of, get down Cocky Royal, or we'll transport you to Peckum;) Brandy proceeded:—I say your sacriligious conduct, deserves to be brushed out of the parish—if it don't, b—t me. Oh! if I had you in Crosby Row, I would dispatch you head foremost to the Clink. (*a loud laugh*) You may laugh at me, as they do in the *court*, where I annoy them there radicals of St. George, who says, as how, I give more trouble than all the other stupid, even those who can't make their marks. If so be you Radicals, will stick out this here way, we'll shut the

Synagogue door in your face, and send you to Parson Church, (a green bag hung out of Brandy's pocket, which Greenlane Pyeman pulled out :—the whole Synagogue rung with the cries of down with all spies and informers) Brandyroard, b—t you all, is it not the bag I carry my whalebone scrubbers in, (he commenced a terrible volley of oaths, which threw Cocky Royal into hysterics ;—Dr. Hardyman, placed burnt rags to his nose, and asked Iago, should he put it down to the parish account ; the Rhabbee said no ; Cocky belongs to Dr. Cantwell) ; Brandy continued, your holy reverence should mop the radicals out, as they are a set of low, hignirant wagabonds, unfit company for gentlemen of the court, like we. (*here the hissing became general, and Brandy perched himself in a corner.*)

Mr. Turneywood arose, and was received with peals of applause, which continued for some time—He spoke as follows: Gentlemen, I see the house of God, converted into a bear garden, to a scene of iniquity, prophanation and immorality; under the specious inask of religion; which I am sorry to say, is made the instrument of avarice, tyranny, and oppression. As to the savage harrangue of the last wretch, it merits my pity, as his uncultivated state of palpable ignorance, leads him into so much disgrace every where he goes, that nonsense and Bombrusher, are synonymous. I shall therefore not demean myself, or insult you gentlemen, by noticing such a creature, who must disgrace any party, to whom chance may attach him; and the Rhabbee must be at a very low ebb in the parish, when he would countenance such a noodle; nor can I say less of Glutton, whose virulent, illiberal, and cowardly conduct, led him to abuse a gentleman in the unnecessary house, whose hands, he knew were tied up from the delicacy of his situation. I am free to acknowledge, that had he treated me so, I should not have found sufficient philosophy, to keep my horsewhip in a state of inactivity. You, my fellow-parishioners, have experienced personal abuse, and

public peculation ; you have experienced calumnies and public insult ; you have experienced the bare faced robberies of *one* who was prosecuted, and his *peculations* bolstered up by a composition with the law officers, although those tender-hearted gentry would and did persecute, prosecute, ruin, and imprison poor newsmen and pamphlet-sellers, while the principal libellers, and sanguinary monsters are at large protected and rewarded. Such doings must disgust those who will allow themselves time to think. The progress of political and jesuitical maleversation continues to open the eyes of the people to the deceptious cant of many stupid noodles, who, as Pope says, “has the philosophy to bear the misfortunes of their neighbours with Christian patience.” Still exertion is wanted—you possess a combination of talent ; that talent, if not actively employed, is like a guinea in a miser’s purse. There is none amongst you that should not exert himself more or less in his individual capacity to overturn this rapacious horde. Make out a list of your enemies, and the sums paid them by the parishioners. Post it on every corner of the parish—don’t allow them to chuckle at your misfortunes—and if you sell your rights for a mess of pottage, give your foes pepper and salt in their eyes by way of sauce. Publish their deeds aloud ; let them be branded as rotten sheep.—(Bumbrusher roared out, “What are you after ? what are you at ?”) Let them carry infamy on their backs ; let the children hoot, the little dogs bark, and women cry out, “there goes a renegade of St. Molly’s. And if it is in the nature of things, make them ashamed of themselves, which will prove the most’ difficult task of all.—(*Pigtail Sergar* cried out, “Go it, Turnywood ; shiver my timbers, close their dead lights.)—You should also, my friends, take into account the circumstances that makes it imperious on you to defend yourselves. The poor-rates in your parish, and other parish assessments, are at least a fourth of your rentals, and you find the receivers of those rates every year increase, you find the window

peepers and assessors on the alert, you find the value of property fall in as great a ratio as the taxes rise, you find yourselves forced to curtail your expenses, and those enjoyments which should stimulate your exertions in prosecution of your business, that is if you have any business left; you find you must curtail your wearing apparel, and instead of four suits a year, you are forced to cobble up two, to appear even shabby genteel; if you had a horse and gig to contribute to the comforts of your family, both must be laid down; nor can you keep even a dog to protect you from the midnight plunderer without a tax to render him a weight in the scale of your oppressions; the paper system has doubled and trebled the necessaries of life; the taxmen are scarce a day from your door—and under all this you are called upon to build two new Synagogues—to build a House of Correction for half-starved thieves, while the pampered and bloated ones are at large revelling in the luxuries of idleness and dissipation. The once garden of commerce and emporium of liberty converted into a land of paupers, while a hungry population are not allowed the means of procuring those necessaries which a protected murderous paper system has raised upon the farmer and the consumer. If the farmer cannot pay his rents let his landlord fall them, but let not the poor be starved to gratify either. If the farmer's rents are lowered, he can live better than he does now; he can till his land and raise his crops with half the capital, and let his taxes come from that income which he furnishes to the lords of the soil. Until then you will be kept in thralldom and poverty—the middle classes of society sunk into slaves—and England, that once envied England, reduced to the base degradation of a *shabby German electorate*. Heaven avert such a heart-rending change, and it is every man's business to oppose it with all his might and main; yea, oppose it even under the nose of German whiskers or Manchester sabres, of place-hunting parsons, or parochial leeches, of sanguinary instigators, or their more sanguinary



employers. Recollect the advice of that filthy corruptionist the rosy-gill'd alderman, who wished "those who did not like it to leave it." His advice, no doubt, has been partially taken. Those life and fortune gentry who contributed to the corrupt system, who had so often promised to rase and starve *France*, now spend a part of the sums raised from British taxation in *that same starved France*, where a family can live well upon five shillings in the pound, on the ordinary sums that keep life and soul together in poor impoverished England.

That France, who now in part supplies your native country with butter, eggs, fruit, and fish, under a heavy import duty, cheaper than you can supply yourselves under the glorious Pitt and paper system. Still, they want no new Synagogues in France, the clergy are forced to take salaries; no watchful eye or ear at the cackling of an hen, or the looing of a sheep, no tythes, no clerical oppression. The clergy in France are humbled;—those in Spain are not allowed to forget their functions; they must behave themselves, or they know the consequence:—so should it be in other places; but the cry is, church and state, and all the blessings attending both. That cry is the curfew of the orange wreckers—the black-hearted Brunswicker—the Manchester yeoman—and the time-serving parson, *divide et impera* the motto of rule; and while such a system is upheld, the country cannot prosper, the people cannot be happy:—while the passions of the base and degenerate, are protected by the hand of power, ill-blood, and retaliation, is naturally to be looked for, from the abused. Englishmen, who still retain a spark of independance, will not kiss the foot that kicks them—nor will they, like insensible curs, fawn upon those that abuse them. (*tremendous peals of applause.*) No, thank heaven, they will recollect that it was in this country, a king was forced to sign Magna Charta, and grant Englishmen liberty and law, and that liberty, so dear to human nature, would you surrender now, to a despicable faction of upstart

mushrooms? who daily attempt to prey upon your vitals, that glorious charter, for which so many noble noble martyrs shed their blood; and will you be the paltroons, the degenerate, the cowardly reptiles, to bend your necks to the yoke, and remain the pliant slaves of prostituted power? Forbid it nature, forbid it heaven.

Well may dissenters encrease; when those that support the Rhabbee's establishment, and give him bread to eat, are to be dragooned into a measure, at a moment when a respectable tradesman is hard set to provide his family with the common necessaries of life, after paying his rent, and heavy grinding taxes.— Still under difficulties, and without any immediate prospect of amendment;—new Synagogues are to form a substitute for old morality, and the shepherd and his flock live like dog and cat; and become any thing but what they should be;—instead of friendship, harmony, and brotherly love, existing in that sphere wherein it should flourish, and become a blessing;—parochial rancour, distrust and hatred, the only recourse to the oppressed, every taxman's knock will open the sore, and while the presence of a hateful junto infest the parish, its atmosphere will become clouded, and christian charity a shadow instead of a substance.

*(The Synaguge rung with incessant cheering, and repeated cries of bravo! bravo! Turnywood.)*







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